

Can You Love Me Again

by SheWhoWalksUnseen1902

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Summary: Fem:Hiccup! Only a year after defeating the Red Death, Hiccup is once again in mortal danger... As usual. When the Berserker chief, Dagur, finds out about Toothless, he prepares to kill Toothless. Hiccup, caring for her tribe and Toothless, promises to train dragons for the enraged chief, if he will spare her dragon's life and keep the peace. Please REVIEW! Art is by me.

1. A Training Exercise Gone Wrong

What if-

Chapter 1

It was early in the morning, and all was silent on the isle of Berk. Hiccup groaned as she got up, not liking at all the way she was woken. Toothless was jumping around over her bed, the huge black beast leaping from the rafters before landing next to her bed. He licked her face, before letting out a chortle that could wake the dead.

"I'm up! I'm up bud!" She put her hands up in defense, accepting the fact that she wouldn't be getting any more sleep.

Toothless laughed at her, a deep resonating sound filling the house. She looked at him fondly, loving the way her dragon looked in the lowlight. His black scales reflected almost blue against the morning sky, emerald-green eyes glowing with life and intelligence.

She could still remember the sorrow of her life before Toothless, the constant rejection she felt every day until she found him. Her mind drifted back to the time before she had Toothless, and the first month or two of having him.

Hiccup ran out of the forge, not paying any mind to Gobber's orders.

She wheeled her contraption around the many warriors, turning away from where she could see her father fighting a group of Deadly Nadders. She was going to shoot down a dragon, and her whole life would change. She would get a marriage offer, hopefully marry before she was fifteen, and gain the respect of the village.

She set up the contraption pulling the levers into place on the green grassy slope that overlooked the ocean.

"Give me something to shoot at, give me something to shoot at." Hiccup turned it to the right, seeing a black shape move against the sky. Night Fury! She aimed and fired, her eyes closing as she shot and her small frame immediately thrown back due to the kick of the slingshot.

A roar filled the night air, and she saw a bundle of blackness shoot across the sky and crash somewhere in the forest.

She gasped. She had done it! She had taken down a Night Fury! The one dragon no viking had ever seen.

No one had respected her, but that one small act had changed her life forever.

The other villagers had scoffed at her tale, calling her a fool and naturally, a hiccup. That's what she had been, a waste of space and a mess up in Stoic the Vast's life. But now, her father could say that she was his daughter with pride.

After many tries, she had found Toothless in the forest, and unable to kill him she had set him free. She was rewarded with a small amount of trust and knowledge of the Night Fury no one would have ever hoped to gain.

Hiccup had shredded his tail fin, and he couldn't fly without it, so she made him a temporary tail fin and had trained him and herself to fly together.

When her father found out about Toothless and the fact that Hiccup knew where the huge dragon nest was, he went into a rage. Locking toothless into a sort of transportable cage before setting off for dragon island to try to kill all the dragons.

Hiccup had tried to stop him, but when he didn't listen she had gathered the rest of the younger vikings left on Berk and convinced them that dragons could be trained.

As soon as she could she had set off after Toothless and her tribe, wanting nothing more than to stop the destruction that was bound to happen.

A Red Death resided inside of the volcano on Dragon Island, and if her father angered it or disturbed the nest it would kill them all.

Flying behind Astrid Hofferson on the back of a Deadly Nadder was odd, but it was far quicker than taking a boat. They got there to see the mass destruction already caused by the raging monster. It roared in rage when Astrid had Stormfly blast it with her blaring hot flame.

The whole dock was aflame, and to Hiccup's horror she saw Toothless struggling against his bonds on one her father's ship. The boat, already weakened by the flame eating away at it, had pretty much disintegrated into nothing but a few boards after she jumped onto it. She was pulled into the water by a stray board and saw Toothless struggling to get to the air. She swam down to him, tearing off his muzzle and pulling at the chains. Her head had gotten foggy, and she remembered being thrown out f the water by her father, who then proceeded to free Toothless. She had stood there with Toothless, halfway onto her dragon's back.

"I'm sorry... For everything." Her father's words have given her strength, and using her ingenuity and cleverness she had destroyed the Red Death. But at a heavy cost. She had lost her left foot in the ensuing explosion that killed the Red Death.

After that, life on Berk had become amazing. No longer did they all kill dragons, instead, they trained them. And had a pretty hard keeping it secret from other tribes. Not even five months ago the Berserkerers had come to sign the annual peace treaty. It hadn't gone well to say the least considering that Dagur the Deranged had take his father's place as chief, and he certainly lived up to his name. But they had tricked Dagur into believing that they still killed dragons by faking a dragon attack that involved little other than a few well placed blasts and bites.

Dagur had left with his armada after Toothless almost "Killed" him. And the treaty had been pretty much signed.

Toothless nudged Hiccup into the real world, growling and hitting her stomach with his muzzle. She wrapped her arms around his face, smiling at the amazing creature before strapping on his prosthetic tail and saddle. Then without a word they swept out of the house through the cool morning air and into the Berk Dragon Training Academy.

"Yuck, you smell like fish." Tuffnut shoved his sister, Ruffnut, off of her side of their shared zippleback, deserving the good punch to the face he got afterword.

Hiccup sighed, gingerly getting off of Toothless. Today was the day Astrid would be presenting her training exercise to the group, and Hiccup was worried. The last excercise had been labeled 'Tooth to Claw Combat Training'. While Astrid's ideas were useful, they were a little... too much.

Hiccup began the lesson off as usual, and when she stepped back and announced that Astrid would be explaining her training excercise all of the other riders groaned in unison.

"Your excercise suck!" Snotlout yelled, giving Astrid an exasperated look.

"It's not that bad. All we have to do is go from this beach on dragon island," Astrid gestured to the rough map of dragon island she had on the board, "To this cave on the other side."

The other riders nodded, not seeming to have a problem with her idea until she continued. "At night. With no camping gear. And most

importantly no dragons." Hiccup smirked, she knew it seemed hard, but for her this would be a piece of cake. She knew more than any other viking about dragons and their habits.

"Why!?" Snotlout and Fishlegs cried in unison.

"To practice our stealth skills and wild dragon knowledge!" Astrid said with gusto.

Hiccup nodded, "Astrid's right, we need to be able to survive on our own if we ever get separated from each other and our dragons."

"It'll be fun!" Astrid said, sounding extremely sure of herself.

The dragon riders landed on dragon island shortly after the sun went down. They all had lanterns and one weapon of choice to protect themselves if something really bad happened. Not that something would happen, they were trained for this.

Toughnut decided to be the one to take the dragons to the cave, making very 'reassuring' remarks about how he may not know where the cave actually was.

Hiccup said her goodbyes to the other members of the group before setting off in a different direction than the rest of them.

She hadn't been walking for even half an hour and had only run into a group of angry gronkles before she spotted one of all things a campfire.

Snotlout! "You actually think this is stealthy?" She asked aloud, looking down at the bright blaze from her position atop a mesa. Snotlout was not the sharpest but he wasn't this dumb. Or was he? She had to ask herself again as she made her way down to the fire. She would see if he was still there and if he wasn't would probably have to put out the fire herself.

She walked towards the fire, occasionally glancing down at the floor of the forest to make sure she wouldn't accidentally trip on anything. Her metal leg wasn't even close to as good as her real leg, but it was all she had, and in a way it connected her and Toothless. He was lame too. He couldn't fly. She couldn't walk. And now they both had replacements for both of those things and needed each other to be able to live their lives to the fullest.

She entered what looked like a well-used campground. In the center was the fire she had seen, but scattered around were all sorts of swords and axes. A few maces lay on the ground a ways from her. Snotlout hadn't brought all of this. He'd only brought one sword.

"Hello?" She swung her lantern to the darkest corner of the campground to her left, not getting to do the same with the right side because of a tremendous force that shoved her to her side.

She opened her eyes, trying to catch her breath. She felt the weight lift off of her and heard the one voice she most definitely did not want to hear.

"Hiccup?"

"Dagur?" She looked up at him, not having any clue why he was there. Horror filled her, if he was there she would have to lose him quick if she didn't want to start a war. The Berserker tribe didn't know that the Hooligans rode on the backs of dragons, and Dagur had sworn war last time he had suspected that they had an army of dragons.

"Oh Hiccup you're alive!" He pulled her into a very awkward and rib-cracking hug, before releasing her.

"Last time I checked..." She replied, scratching the back of her head awkwardly. "Um, can I ask you why exactly you're here?"

Dagur gestured for her to take a seat on a fallen tree she could now see was fashioned into a bench of sorts. "Well it all started last time we saw on Berk. You had told me to run and save myself for my people and I was like, Okay! I'm out of here! But you stayed. So I came here. And I know why you're here so you don't have to explain anything."

She gulped, "You, uh, do?"

"You're here for the same reason I am, to hunt dragons!" He pulled her down close to her. "It's obvious why you're here. Look at you. You're dieing to earn the respect of your tribe!" He let out a wolf-like howl. "Come on Hiccup, it feels good."

"Aooohhh..." She let out, before curling in on herself. Oh no...

He went on for a few more minutes, before relaxing with his back to the tree-bench. "So, Hiccup, did you bring anyone else with you or are you all alone out here?"

"Oh, I'm all alone. Just me..." She scooted farther away from him when he turned his head away from her. One thing was for sure, she didn't want to be alone with Dagur. When she was five and he was eight he had gotten into the habit of using her as a moving or still target. She could still remember the way he would throw multiple knives at once, and more than once he grazed her or cut off a lock of hair with a well placed dagger.

She internally shuddered when he started sharpening his axe, and certainly hoped that now that he was older he wouldn't still find joy in cutting off her hair.

"After I left Berk, I found it hard to stop... thinking about you Hiccup." Dagur glanced over at her, and she could see the tattoos across his left eye, dark black against his skin.

She opened her mouth, not saying anything for a few minutes just because she didn't know how to react. "That's a little awkward... Well... I'm flattered, I guess." She cut a glance at him, hoping that was the answer he wanted.

"Not you just you specifically... You and that Night Fury. It's like you were inside its head, rattling its cage. To tell you the truth that's why I'm here. I want to learn more about dragons. know them. So I hunted them down one by one." Dagur proceeded to tell her a couple of horror stories and thoroughly grossed her out before he

stopped.

Seeing him pull out a crossbow she tried to engage in somewhat friendly conversation. "A crossbow?"

"My hunting weapon of choice. You carry... A shield?" They both seemed surprised by their weapon choices. Hiccup had to say it was a little strange that Dagur didn't prefer a sword or something, and he always carried an axe so why not just use that?

"Noticing that he was looking at the shield a little too closely she tilted it in the firelight so that he couldn't see it fully. "Yep, just a plain old shield." She was lying now. It wasn't old, it was new and had been made with wood and Gronkle iron; a mysterious substance made by Gronkels when they ate a certain group of rocks. And if she pulled back all of the hidden levers she had on it she could make it into her own crossbow.

"It's very ornate. My sister had one like it." Dagur held his crossbow limply, not seeming very impressed with the shield. "I myself never found he need to hide in battle." He let out a loud battle cry as if to emphasize his point.

"Can I ask you something?" She asked tentatively.

"Maybe..."

She looked down at her shield, "How long have you been out here exactly?"

"Couple days, or weeks. Can't really tell when you're on the hunt. Got to focus Hiccup. Can't relax, just have to hunt... So what exactly happened to that Night Fury Hiccup?" Dagur continued stalking around the campground, crossbow aimed pretty much everywhere he wanted to aim it at.

"Bad news, it got away." She hoped that he didn't get suspicious, and was almost relieved when he wasn't.

"That's great news. Now we can hunt it!"

"We?" She asked, voice dripping with sarcasm. They didn't make a very good team as far as she was concerned. And not that he needed to know this but she was not going to help him kill her dragon.

"It's here Hiccup, I can feel it. You can feel it too can't you?" He got close to her, sitting on the log.

"I feel awkward."

He started laughing, and to her surprise it wasn't the odd laugh that went on for a little longer than everyone else's. "You make me laugh Hiccup, but now, we're going to go get that Night Fury... Together."

Hiccup watched as he left. Together? He had said those words with an underlying tone. Dagur always had a hidden motive for being nice to her, he never did something nice to her just because he wanted to do it. And as she followed the Berserker chief, she wondered aloud what she was going to do.

2. Revelations and Pain

Chapter 2

They had been walking for about fifteen minutes when a the notable roar of a wild monstrous nightmare filled the air. Hiccup sighed in relief, glad that it wasn't any of Berk's dragons... or more importantly her dragon. She could protect the other dragons.

"It's not the Night Fury, let's keep moving..." Hiccup hissed, watching the angry Nightmare fly by them.

"I know, but I'll take it down just for fun." Dagur snickered, aiming at the dragon with his crossbow. Startled, Hiccup did the first thing she could to stop him. She tackled him to the ground, shoving him and his crossbow into the moist earth.

Hiccup blanched, slightly afraid of what he would do to her. She had to act calm.

"How dare you!" He said quietly, she could tell he was getting ready to hit her or something. His balled fists and threatening look confirmed that he did want to.

"The Night Fury would have smelled it!" She stood her ground, not being able to resist rubbing in the fact that she knew more than Dagur about Night Fury's, and that he had to listen to her judgment. Hiccup didn't know for sure if Toothless would have known there was a threat from where he was, but Dagur didn't know that.

"They can do that?" Dagur looked dumbfounded, but also intrigued by this new piece of information.

Satisfied that he believed her, she continued. "Oh yes, they have very good senses. The Night Fury would have sensed the danger, and fled." Hiccup even flapped her hands in demonstration of how fast 'their hunt' would be over.

Dagur started to chuckle, and then let out his strange laugh, "Look at us! You, this runt of a... well, you know what you are. And me, Dagur the Deranged! Who would have thought we would make such a formidable team!?" He clapped his hands on her shoulders, not seeming to care that he still had some dirt on his armor and face.

"Well certainly not me." Hiccup drawled, voice dripping sarcasm. She waited for them to both keep moving, but Dagur didn't let go of her, and seemed to be looking at something on the ground.

He was looking at... her foot?

* * *

><p>Dagur found Hiccup's sarcasm cute, but his eyes were drawn down to her prosthetic. It was odd, and looked painful. Why did black smiths always make the new limbs so strangely. Why not make the new limb like the old one?
He only noticed the time he was spending looking at her feet when she started to shift uncomfortably and started rubbing her real foot over the prosthetic.

"Let's go." He said loudly, walking away from her as though nothing had happened. He hated feeling so uncomfortable around her, and the way he would start losing track of time was starting to worry him. He had at one point been able to just be mean to her and then forget that she existed until he needed a good target, but now it was different. They were hunting partners, and in order to find the Night Fury he would need her knowledge of the beast.

They walked in silence, and he could hear her feet scuffing in the dirt behind him. She didn't seem thrilled to be hunting a dragon with him, and he felt a little sorry for her. He had been pretty cruel to her, but she had been willing hadn't she? She had let him cut her hair, and hadn't held her breath when he pushed her underwater. He had a reason for most things he did... well half of the time. Sometimes he had a good reason he just forgot what the reason was when questioned.

That was why his father needed to be executed, he had been... to thoughtful. His father... no, Oswald, had always spent too much time thinking about treaties, and had never brought glory to the Berserker tribe. Dagur would redeem his family's name.

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><p>Hiccup heard the rustling in the bushes seconds before Dagur hushed her and pushed her behind him.<p>

"Quieter this time, might be the Night Fury." He whispered, aiming his crossbow. Hiccup rolled her eyes, retorting that it was probably a wild yak. Still, she prepared to stop him from shooting.

She placed her hand on his shoulder right before he pressed the trigger and shot Snot Lout in the chest. Well there he was. The viking's nose dripped, and he shivered miserably, probably had fallen into a river if she knew Snot Lout.

"Well, close enough." Hiccup referenced her earlier comment about the wild yak, walking towards Snot Lout with Dagur behind her.

"Hiccup! Oh my gosh you wouldn't believe what I've been through! This place is crawling with wild dragons!" The greasy-haired boy stated the obvious, making her roll her eyes.

"It is called Dragon Island, Snot Lout."

Snot Lout seemed to notice Dagur at last, and looked back to her confused, "Dagur!" He exclaimed, eyeing him suspiciously.

Dagur seemed to be in utter misery, and rolled his eyes at every word Snot Lout uttered. When the viking addressed the Berserker chief, he seemed to want to throw up. Hiccup wondered what had gotten him so disgusted.

"Snot Hat, is it?" He drawled, not seeming to be very amused by Snot Lout's presence.

"Snot Lout." The smaller viking replied, Hiccup shifted uncomfortably, not liking her position in between the two larger vikings.

"I thought you said you were alone...?" Dagur whispered in Hiccup's ear, stalking around the clearing with crossbow raised.

Hiccup struggled to find an explanation. She had hoped she wouldn't run into the other's after some time thinking it over. They would only make her situation more awkward. "I thought I was." She replied hastily, "Why didn't you wait for me at base camp while I was out hunting dragons in the forest?!" She demanded of Snot Lout, hoping that her cousin wouldn't be thick as he usually was.

"Huh?"

"We're out hunting dragons, why didn't you wait for me at base camp?" Hiccup gestured at Dagur with her eyes, giving him small hand gestures. As predicted, he still didn't understand.

"Hiccup, I have no idea what you are talking about."

Dagur snorted, and began walking away from them, calling over his shoulder, "Not the sharpest arrow in the quiver is he?"

"Not even close." Hiccup waited for him to get out of earshot before she silently informed Snot Lout of the situation. She was at the point of wringing her hands, and she hoped Dagur didn't notice how nervous she was.

* * *

><p>Snot Lout walked after Hiccup and the Berserker chief, thinking about what they were going to do. Hopefully Tuffnut wouldn't have fallen asleep and lost track of the dragons. The last thing he and Hiccup needed was their dragons running wild all over the place, where Dagur could get them...<p>

As a viking, and son of Spine Lout of the Hairy Hooligan tribe, Snot Lout struggled to never show his internal feelings, but at times he would... MAYBE, lose track of his emotions. Like the time HookFang's fire had started to go out and had almost died. He cared, he could care for some people... or dragons.

If Dagur tried to hurt HookFang, or any of the dragons, he wouldn't get away with it.

* * *

><p>Hiccup wasn't surprised when she heard the yells of Fish Legs and Snot Lout. The two hadn't heard each other, and had scared the living daylights out each other when they walked into each other in the darkness.<p>

"Ah, Fish Legs! You decided to come out here and hunt dragons too." Hiccup nodded for Snot Lout to fill him in on the details, as quietly as he could. As soon as Snot Lout had finished saying that Dagur would 'kill their dragons' the person of topic strode over to them, stopping in front of Hiccup.

"Hiccup, your definition of alone, and mine... are very different." Dagur seemed very confused, but then seemed to brighten up. "But perhaps," He patted Fish Legs on the back, "can be of use to

us."

Fish Legs seemed to take the situation in easily, and didn't seem perturbed by Dagur's presence. Which was amazing considering that Dagur had tortured Fish Legs a lot before he had become the Berserker chief.

Hiccup followed Dagur, starting to actually feel confident that they would get out of this. Tuffnut wasn't that irresponsible, and could watch the dragons, and if they were all lucky, Dagur would get bored, and Hiccup and her friends could slip away.

"You know Hiccup, you and I are a lot alike." Dagur said to her, starting his method of making 'friendly' conversation.

"Oh, and how exactly is that?"

"You and I are both natural born leaders." He pointed out, stilling holding his crossbow at the ready.

Fish Legs nodded vigorously, "Oh he's right about that." Hiccup supposed she had to agree with Dagur, they were... similar.

"We're both the heirs to chiefs..."

"Yes, that is true." She nodded, somehow managing to keep in step with the much larger viking.

"Who had to be eliminated so we could gain control." Hiccup had started to agree with him, but at the last comment she felt horror. Dagur had hinted that he may have murdered his father, but now he confirmed her suspicions. How could he do that?

"My father hasn't been eliminated from anything." She corrected him slowly, thinking of how kind Oswald had been to her and her father. He had been a great chief, and he had been murdered... By his own son.

"Not yet, but he could Hiccup. Give me the word and-" He swung around, releasing a bolt that shot Fish Legs lantern straight out of his hands. His sincereness disturbed her. If he would do that to her own father...

"Okay..." She mumbled, ignoring the awkwardness in her head.

More rustling in the bushes didn't surprise her, and she slowly lowered herself to the ground, following Dagur's hand signals. She heard a gasp from Snot Lout, and smiled. It was probably Astrid. Only she could sneak up on them like that. Stealth skills! You don't need to hone them in any more!

Dagur let out a loud sigh, looking back at her from the corner of his eye. "Which one of your friends is it this time?"

Hiccup smirked, "It's hard to say." She had a sinking feeling that it was Astrid, but something inside of her had started to itch, and she felt that something bad was about to happen. Almost as soon as that thought crossed her mind a plasma blast sent Dagur leaping backward.

"No..." She whispered, "Toothless?" She mumbled. Dagur let out a growl, and muttered her dragons classification under his breath. Toothless snarled at Dagur from his position in the bushes, not backing down as he faced down the Berserker. She had a choice, risk her tribe's safety by protecting Toothless, or let it play out. She chose the latter of the two things, but as usual her quick thinking helped her out.

"You led me right to it Hiccup!" Dagur chuckled. "Arrow meet dragon... Dragon meet arrow."

Dagur advanced on Toothless, but she shoved her way in front of him. "Dagur, I want to do it!" She shouted, holding out her hands as she waited for him to hand her the crossbow. Toothless snarled again, watching them both, but she ignored him.

"But I saw it first!" He exclaimed, his youth showing in the way he obsessively controlled the situation.

Hiccup grabbed the crossbow, sticking her face in his, "I led you to it!" She could play the part of wanting to do the one thing she knew she never could.

Face contorting into a scowl, he grabbed the crossbow back from her, pushing her away from him with it. "I brought the crossbow! All you brought was that stupid ornate shield. Now! Stand aside!" He advanced on Toothless yet again when out of the blue a group of Terrible Terrors flew toward him, confusing the Berserker chief.

Taking advantage of the chance she had she gave Toothless the hand signal that meant for him to leave. She wished so desperately that his tail fin hadn't been shredded. If it hadn't been... she- she wouldn't have him to begin with.

"What is wrong with you?" Astrid's voice filled the air, sounding unforgiving as it usually did, but with an underlying tone of tension. She must have guessed what was going on. "I almost had those Terrible Terrors!"

"Terrors-smerrors. We're hunting a Night Fury! Did you leave anyone on Berk!?" Dagur ignored Astrid completely and turned on Hiccup before walking away to reclaim his cross bolts.

"Did he say... A Night Fury?" Astrid looked horrified as she watched Dagur reset his crossbow. "But Toothless is supposed to be..."

"Yes I know," Hiccup interrupted, "And if he's loose so are the others. I can't continue on with you guys anymore. Go find your dragons, and get out of here-" She felt herself being lifted up off her feet before she was set back down facing away from them. Dagur's arm remained cast around her shoulders as he practically pulled her along.

"Hiccup..." Astrid weakly protested. The two girls had grown into strong friends since the incident with the Red Death, and had become closer until they were like sisters.

Hiccup gave the to-be-Shield Maiden a sad look, mouthing for them to go. "I can't travel with an entourage," She whispered to Dagur before calling to her friends, "Go back to Berk, me and Dagur will continue

the hunt."

The words felt strange, but oddly familiar. Once upon a time, this would have been what she would have wanted. To be accepted by a neighboring heir, forming a strong bond that... could end in a marriage arrangement. Shaking herself of the dreadful sensation that always accompanied the thought of marriage, she found a way to detach herself from Dagur by pointing out some tracks.

Dagur would occasionally let out odd chuckles, and then he would run after Toothless before stopping to let her catch up. And then out of the blue, he started randomly shooting cross bolts in the vague direction Toothless was going in every time he stopped.

"I don't understand," He finally said, "Why doesn't it just fly away?"

"Maybe it wants us to follow it." Hiccup seriously doubted that Dagur would even fear the thought of death. Knowing him he would think himself immortal or something.

Huffing in amazement Dagur let his crossbow fall to his side. "Like a trap?" He sounded very interested now, and his eyes lit like green fire at the thought of getting to be trapped by a dragon.

"Yes. A trap. Maybe we shouldn't follow it. That's what it wants us to do." Out of the duo Hiccup was the only one Toothless could possibly want to follow him, and it made her sick to keep on pretending to hunt him with Dagur.

"Oh Hiccup..." He looked down at her with what seemed like fondness, but Hiccup blamed it on the lingering darkness of night before dawn. "Don't you know that the trapper's traps can trap the trapper?"

She shot him an odd look, wondering where he came up with the things he did. "What does that even mean?"

Shrugging he looked towards where Toothless was going, "I have no idea!" He laughed maniacally as he jumped down to continue after Toothless.

This had to stop. She would manage it somehow... Hopefully without starting a war. At least Dagur was the only one there...

Dagur stopped again to reload his crossbow before shooting at Toothless vainly once again.

"You know you aren't going to hit anything right?"

"I know, I just want to keep him going in that direction. To tell you the truth Hiccup, I didn't come here alone either..." With that out in the open he lit a signal bolt and shot it into the air. Five more came out of the darkness towards them.

"Dagur," Hiccup started, "The Night Fury is a very lethal dragon, a few more men won't make a difference."

Dagur stretched to his full height in front of her, apparently happy about what he was going to say next. "Well lucky for us I brought the armada along and like a bazillion armed Berserker soldiers!" He

laughed when he said this, and a larger group of signal arrows fell around them. Dagur never seemed to go anywhere without an armada. He had taken it to Berk when he had come to sign the peace treaty because he had suspected that they were massing an army of dragons.

Shielding herself from the flaming arrows, she nodded to herself slowly. "Yeah, that will probably make a difference." She muttered to herself. Shaking her head in an attempt to get an idea as she ran after Dagur.

The Berserker chief held up his crossbow and took his aim when he saw Toothless hiding behind a large boulder. Her dragon had run himself into a cliff that overlooked Dagur's armada. Unable to fly, he would be completely helpless. He didn't have enough room to blast anything without shoving himself off the cliff in the process.

Hiccup squared her shoulders, taking a deep breath before she walked up behind Dagur. She wasn't going to let him kill Toothless.. Even if it meant war.

"I'm not going to let you kill that dragon." She said fiercely, getting prepared to call Toothless to her in a heartbeat. Dagur wouldn't lay a hand on her dragon.

Dagur sighed, falling out of the hunting position as he seemed to partly relent, "This again? Fine, I'll let you take home a wing or something." only he didn't understand what she meant. She wanted all of the dragon... And she wanted it alive.

"No... I' pretty much gonna take all of it." She didn't hesitate before she let out her dragon call, the one she had been practicing for so long and hadn't been able to use until now. Toothless took advantage of the time it took Dagur to look at her in a confused way, leaping down to his rider with a snarl.

Green eyes widened into shock, before they turned on her. "Is that...?"

"A saddle Dagur? Yes, yes it is. And by the way, we don't hunt dragons on Berk, we train them." Hiccup gracefully got onto Toothless's back, staying strong even when the hurt look flooded Dagur's face. It was quickly replaced by humiliation and then anger.

"You're father lied to me!" He roared, seeming as dangerous as an angry Nightmare in that moment.

Hiccup held eye contact, not looking away as she attempted to explain. "My father was trying to keep the peace between the tribes."

"By making a fool out of me!" It wasn't a question, it was a statement, and one that made her feel a little sorry for Dagur. He couldn't exactly help the madness that flowed in his veins, it was in his blood, untamable.

"You don't need much help with that Dagur." He had acted ridiculous since she had known him, or more like cruel and... well... Deranged.

"You and I... we could have been allies." 'Closer than allies' hung in the air unspoken, but for some reason Hiccup could tell that it was intended. "But now, you are my enemy." The words hurt, after all the... Gentleness, this is how it ended. Two tribes pinned against each other. Why did you have to die Oswald? That thought brought back the shocking realization that he hadn't died, he'd been murdered.

"Have it your way Dagur... Let's go Bud." Hiccup patted his black scales, clicking his tail into the right position as they rose in the air. It was a large jolt that knocked her out of the saddle, and she saw to her horror that Toothless's tail had been brought down by Dagur. She fell to the ground shortly after her dragon, noting that Dagur was running towards Toothless with his sword at the ready.

Ignoring the pain in her side she used her shield to protect her dragon, blocking Dagur's blows easily. She wanted to free Toothless. She wanted to leave, but she couldn't unless she got him under control.

She finally couldn't rely on her shield alone and had to hid behind an old oak tree. A knife bit into the wood behind her, and she could hear him laughing at her expense. She was used to this treatment from him. When she was young she had been the best moving target for the Berserker. But now, now it was different. He wasn't 'playing'. He was aiming to kill... or hurt badly.

She heard his gasp as he was whacked by Toothless's tail, and she took her chance to run over to her dragon.

Cutting as fast as she could she tried to cut the ropes. The sound of gears locking into place and then releasing preceded the burning pain in her arm. She let out a scream of pain, dropping the knife as her hands wound around her bleeding arm. She managed to open her eyes enough to see the cross bolt now firmly lodged into her arm before letting out a breath she hadn't realized she had been holding.

She glanced to Dagur before her eyes were flooded with water. She could barely see through the tears. It hurt, it hurt, it hurt. Her mind went to Toothless and she wiped the blood off her right hand before wiping her eyes. She would finish helping her dragon. Maybe he could help her knock Dagur out. If she could get the muzzle off...

A boot to her side sent her rolling away from Toothless.

"No..." She managed through her tears. Her side hurt, and she struggled to take a breath after Dagur had kicked her.

The Berserker advanced on Toothless, no longer laughing. He advanced on her dragon with a look so intense and furious that it scared Hiccup. He held up his crossbow, setting the bolt into it.

"Wait!" She cried, managing to prop herself up against a nearby tree. Dagur's eyes flicked toward her, but she saw him shrug as a way of dismissing her. "I can help you." The words tasted bitter as she spoke them, but if she didn't he would kill Toothless.

"I've had enough of your help." Dagur said silently, the hidden rage

in his words clear enough for dragon and girl to hear. He seemed to be casting her off, but Hiccup could tell he was listening. His finger didn't remove itself from the trigger, but he didn't pull it either.

"I'll help- I'll help you train dragons..." She paused, letting out another sob as her good hand wound around her arm once more. "Just- just don't hurt Toothless."

Dagur fell out of his hunting position, and he turned on her, anger filling his face. "The dragon! That's all you care about?" He turned his back on her, trembling with rage he usually never hid.

Hiccup waited without saying anymore. If he killed Toothless she hoped that he would kill her too. It was a selfish thought. Her father and almost everyone on Berk would miss her, but her and Toothless had become one. Girl and dragon had formed a bond that only death could break. And even then, the bond would still be there, ever-present within her. If she could save Toothless by helping Dagur, she would do it.

Without a word the other viking turned around and strode over to her, wrenching the bolt out of her arm. She let out another scream, face turning away from him as the hot tears fell from her face. She had never felt pain like she was feeling then. Her mind fogged and her vision grew blurry before her head collided with the forest floor.

She could vaguely hear growls and she felt someone swing her over their shoulder. Her head swam, and she could smell blood on her. Slowly, her vision was clouded by black spots, and the pain overwhelmed her.

3. A Deal

Chapter 3

Hiccup felt as though she was swimming through butter. She hurt in quite a few places and wondered why she hurt so bad. Her eyes slowly cracked open, and instead of seeing the roof or wall of her cottage in Berk she was greeted with the dim-lit belly walls of a ship.

Shooting into a sitting position Hiccup took in her surroundings. It didn't take long for the whole night to come flooding back, and she rubbed her head with her good hand. Her arm had been moderately cleaned, and bandaged up to prevent bleeding.

To her surprise, she wasn't bound, and it took her some time to realize why. Due to the dim light she hadn't been able to see the iron bars surround her. It wasn't unbelievable, Berserkers were known for things like this. Leaving their prisoners in cages until they died, but Hiccup had a feeling she wouldn't be left to die in this cage.

She sat there for what seemed like an hour, trying to stay comfortable and not get sick. The boat rocked back and forth, a steady motion that partially lulled her to sleep but then there was a random jolt that made her stomach flip.

Finally, the door she assumed led up to the deck opened and sunlight poured into the room. Shielding her eyes for a moment Hiccup adjusted her position on the floor. When her stomach growled she wondered if maybe she would be fed.

To her surprise, it was Dagur himself who had come to speak to her, and not one of his soldiers. For the first time it dawned on her that she had absolutely no idea where Toothless was. Was he still on Dragon Island? Or had Dagur slain him in a fit of rage?

"Are you hungry?" The Berserker's harmless and seemingly innocent question surprised Hiccup. In fact, Dagur had a bit of his crazy happiness back in his emerald green eyes, a very big change from the rage he had held that night.

Hiccup eyed the food warily, before flicking her eyes towards the door. The sun was so bright, a lovely change from the dimness of the belly of the ship. "Where's Toothless?" Was all she asked, ignoring it when her stomach growled some more.

"I'll take that as a yes." Dagur drawled, leaning against the wall of the ship as he took a bite out of the yak leg Hiccup assumed he had brought for her.

"Where's Toothless?" She repeated, not being able to help herself as she watched him eat. He ate quietly, watching the yak leg as if there was something very interesting going on in it.

"Hmmm... Oh yes, your... Night Fury, is safely tucked away in one of my fastest ships. Headed to the same place you are." Dagur took another bite out of the yak leg, pulling out one of his knives and twirling it in his fingers.

Hiccup sighed, laying her back against the damp iron bars. "And where, might I ask, are we both heading?" Her arm started to hurt again. The ache that was more painful than anything she had ever felt. She would have preferred to feel the pain she had felt when she had lost her leg.

Dagur laughed, as usual it was his long one that continued on for a very, very, long time. "Isn't it obvious Hiccup? I seriously didn't think you were so gullible. My fleet is headed for Berserk. You're going to fulfill your promise. You're going to train me dragons."

* * *

><p>8 hours earlier...<p>

Dagur had been so angry with the little scrap of a girl. All she cared about was that... Night Fury. Together they could have made the strongest force in the entire archipelago. No one would have dared to stand up against them, but she had chosen that dragon over him.

After he had lashed out and ripped the bolt out of her arm, she had passed out. At first, he had been slightly scared, he didn't want to hurt her, but then again, that was what she deserved for what she had done to him.

Growling, he tore some fabric off of his tunic and bound her arm in it. Then he turned on the dragon.

It growled at him, baring its teeth at him when he advanced on it. Oh how he wanted to just stick it with his axe and finish the job. He hated leaving jobs unfinished, but he did need Hiccup to cooperate. And if he killed her dragon, he wouldn't have any blackmail. A disappointing but true fact. She didn't strike him as suicidal but he didn't doubt that she could do it.

Letting out another growl of barely contained rage he used what rope he had with him to make a sled of sorts. After that he had to signal for the group of Berserkers on the beach to come and help him haul the beast to shore. Then he returned for the runt. She was still out cold as far as he could tell, so he slung her over his shoulder and carried her to his best ship. He proceeded to clean her wound and re-wrap it before locking her up in the belly of the ship.

Then he had to help his men secure the Night Fury and inform them that if any of them harmed the beast they would lose their legs or quite possibly something more. Maybe if they didn't take good care of the beast he would shave them. He hadn't specified what that 'something more' was.

After everything was all ready to go he went and told Captain Vorg to set a course to Berserk. Relieving his stress onto his captain was a simple and easy way to get him prepared for sleep, so ignoring the many bruises Hiccup and her dragon had caused him, he slipped into an uneasy sleep.

...

When Dagur woke, he could hear a scuffle starting up on deck and the familiar lap of the waves against the hull of the ship. Breathing a sigh of relief, he leapt out of bed, strapping on his armor before stopping the fight.

He lounged on the deck for a while, not really thinking about the little slip of a girl he had below deck. She wasn't really a girl, she was a woman, but it was hard to believe. She didn't have curves like other viking girls. She had them, but they weren't obvious. And the clothes she wore didn't help her cause.

When Vorg finally did come and question him about what they were doing with 'Stoic the Vast's heir', he replied with an easy explanation.

"They were training dragons, and refused to speak truth to me. So when I discovered their treachery, I decided to take matters into my own hands." Seeing the shocked expression of some of the soldiers around him, he added, "We are Berserkers! We do not accept lies and let other tribes get away with it. Those tribes will understand that we will not be trifled with."

"But why don't we just kill the dragon?" A dark-haired guard asked.

"Because the girl has promised to train Berserk dragons if we don't harm her dragon. When she has trained us all dragons and shown us how to train them, we will dispose of them both." The words tasted bitter

in Dagur's mouth, and he wondered if maybe he had drunken bitter water. His stomach churned and he excused himself to get himself something to eat. Maybe he should feed Hiccup too.

After he had filled up his complaining stomach, he grabbed an extra yak leg and headed down to the belly of the ship. To his delight, Hiccup was wide awake, and looked quite surprised to see him. She probably had forgotten that she had even made the deal with Dagur in the first place.

"Are you hungry?" After he had asked the question her stomach growled quite loudly.

"Where's Toothless?" It didn't surprise him that she was asking about her dragon, it endeared him to her even. Her stomach growled again, louder this time. He could tell that she was trying to ignore the yak leg he had in his hand.

Leaning against the ship's side he smirked at her. "I'll take that as a yes." He didn't want to answer her questions yet, he wanted her to answer his. Looking down at the yak leg in his hand he realized just how good it looked. He took a bite, ignoring Hiccup's rumbling stomach.

"Where's Toothless?" She wasn't giving up was she?

Dagur pretended to be completely uninterested in her question, "Hmmm... Oh yes, your... Night Fury, is safely tucked away in one of my fastest ships. Headed to the same place you are." He smiled to himself before taking another bite and twirling one of his sharpest knives between his fingers.

He felt a little twinge of something tug at him when he heard her sigh. Her slender neck was fully exposed, her head lolled back against the bars. "And where, might I ask, are we both heading?" She sounded tired, and he could tell by her grimace that her arm was bothering her.

Laughing in utter delight at her childishness Dagur explained where she was going. "Isn't it obvious Hiccup? I seriously didn't think you were so gullible. My fleet is headed for Berserk. You're going to fulfill your promise. You're going to train me dragons."

Her head snapped up, and she gave him one of the most unforgiving glares he had ever received. Then she had turned her face away from him, hand trailing to her arm. It had to hurt, it did hurt obviously. She just didn't want to look weak in front of him. Dagur wanted to take her and get the wound sewn up, but he didn't have a thread or needle to do any sort of sewing. And even if he did he would never lower himself to do that in front of her. He was Dagur the Deranged! He couldn't let the fact that he knew how to sew get around the archipelago just because a girl needed medical attention!

He looked down at the half-eaten yak leg, he didn't want to give her second best. He didn't know how to explain it, he just desperately felt a tug at him whenever she showed how she was truly feeling. What was wrong with him? She was a traitor!

"Are you going to let me starve?" She hissed, words bitter and filled with venom.

"No. You haven't fulfilled your purpose." In a small burst of frustration he thrust the knife into the wooden planks. If she wanted cruel, he could be cruel.

He handed her the half-eaten yak leg, not really caring that he had started eating it. He waited with a cocked eyebrow for her to start eating. "I didn't poison it. I was eating it a second ago."

She sniffed, and wiped tears he hadn't seen away before she took a bite. She was apparently trying to eat slowly, but he could tell she was hungry. Sighing, he left her down there and went up onto the deck.

Luckily no one had really noticed where he had gone, and so he took advantage of the time to sneak away to his quarters.

When he got in there all he could do was plop himself onto his bed and slam his fist into the wall. He really wished he could have a legitimately good reason to hit her. She was stubborn, snarky, and too sarcastic for her own good, but those weren't what most people considered 'legitimate reasons'.

A loud knock on the door woke him from his thoughts. Huffing, he told the person the enter.

It was Vorg, hopefully there to give him some good news.

"Sir. We will be in Berserk in less than five days... but that isn't all." Vorg informed him of their current position, respectfully and all together making his chief bored.

"Yes?"

"The crew wants to know if we should feed the beast."

Dagur chuckled. If he hadn't taken the Night Fury with him, he would've just assumed they were talking about Hiccup. "No. We need it to be contained, we'll feed it when we get to Berserk."

"Yes sir. And the girl?" Vorg asked, cocking an eyebrow in questioning.

Dagur lay back on his cot, missing the furs he had on his bed in Berserk. "I fed her already. But I think the orders for her should be the same as the orders for her dragon. She'll eat fully when we get to Berserk. Until then she will be treated like any other prisoner."

Vorg looked as though he was about to ask Dagur something else, but instead the captain just went back on deck.

Strangely enough... Dagur didn't want to treat her like a prisoner. His stomach churned, and Dagur blamed that on eating far too much.

* * *

><p>Hiccup ate the yak leg swiftly after Dagur had left, only slowing down when she began to feel queasy. Figuring that Dagur would probably be keeping her on rations, she put the leftovers of the yak

leg on top of a burlap sack in the corner of the cage.<p>

Her eyes slowly grew accustomed to the darkness after being in the light, and she could once again see the blood stains on the wooded floor below her. Wondering if they were her own, she wiped at them.

"Definitely not fresh..." She pulled her hand back. She hadn't been the first person in this cage to bleed... And she probably wouldn't be the last. No doubt the last person in the cage before her was long dead.

feeling her way around the cage, she made her way to the bars closest to where Dagur had been standing. His dagger was still stuck in the wall. He hadn't taken it with him, and had most likely forgotten it. She knew she had made him angry when he drove it into the soft wood, but her plan had worked. He had left her a means of protection.

It took her a while, and by her fourth try of trying to get the blade her arm started to run with blood. She grunted, and pushed against the bars like a caged animal. Finally, her fingers grasped the end of the knife. She pulled and wiggled until it fell with a clatter to the floor.

"Yes!" She couldn't help but smile in triumph against the building pain in her arm. She had the knife withing reaching distance and she quickly pulled it into the cage with her. Once she had a good enough chance, she would use it against whoever was escorting her wherever and then... what?

She would be on Berserk. The one island most well-known for it's ferocity and skill in battle. She didn't stand a chance against them in hand-to-hand combat.

She could try bribery, but that never ended well. Plus, she had already used that to save Toothless. Her body was definitely not as curvy as Astrid's, so she probably wouldn't be very good in the area of sexual appeal.

She groaned, and let her head rest on the bars in front of her. She had just about nothing. Except for a knife and the ability to train dragons. She could try to train a dragon and escape on it, but then she would have to leave Toothless.

An idea popped into Hiccup's head. A very dangerous idea, and she most likely wouldn't be pleased with the results, but she could try.

...

When Dagur finally came back a whole day had passed, and Hiccup had almost nothing left of the yak leg. She was also in a lot of pain, and her stomach was relentless.

"Oh, let me guess... You're hungry?" Dagur had a small sack of food, and after he had taken a roll from inside of it he threw the sack at the bars of the cage.

Hiccup rolled her eyes, pulling the sack into the cage with her slowly. She could act as though she wasn't hungry.

It was agonizing how slow Dagur ate and how carefree he seemed. When he reached for the knife he had unknowingly lost to her yesterday he seemed a little confused, but appeared to shrug it off.

She ate a roll and some of the smoked cod that was in the bottom of the bag. There were two apples left, and a flask of water. She drank some of the water, and left the two apples for later.

"Will you let me and Toothless go after I train dragons for Berserk?" Hiccup asked. She had a feeling that this wasn't her best plan, and she usually didn't go to the problem and ask if the problem would go away, but hopefully she would get an answer.

Dagur struck a fake thinking position, before taking out his axe to sharpen it. "I think not."

"What will you do with us?" Hiccup glared defiantly at the Berserker chief, not caring that he had a staggering array of weapons on his personal.

Dagur kicked a crate over next to the cage before sitting on it, shooting her a look that was a mix between anxious and frustrated. "Kill you."

That was a very simple plan, and Hiccup decided that she would rather Dagur kill Toothless and then she kill herself. She wouldn't train him dragons if she wouldn't live to be able to help her tribe deal with the Berserkers.

"Then I'll just kill myself now." She said, clasping her hands together and placing them in her lap.

"What!?" Dagur looked as though someone had slapped him in the face, and he immediately got up and began pacing. "You can't do that!" He yelled at her, dismissing a curious guard before shutting the hatch door.

"Why not? You'll kill me anyway..." Hiccup paused, rubbing her arm, "You almost did already."

Dagur continued to yell for a minute before using his axe to chop a barrel to pieces.

"Wow. That was violent... and messy. Don't do that again please." She dusted some woodchips off her hair before putting her hand around her arm again. Why would he care if she died?

"It's not fair!" Dagur finally yelled, throwing his hands in the air. "Wait... how would you kill yourself?"

Hiccup considered taking out the knife she had stolen from him and telling him how she had gotten it, but instead she just went with telling him that she'd starve herself.

"You're not strong enough to hold out for that long."

"Okay. Maybe I'm not. I can always dig in the hole you placed in my arm and make myself bleed to death." Very gruesome idea. Hiccup sincerely was glad she could just use the knife to end it

quickly.

"I really need to sew that up..." Dagur mumbled, pacing the floor of the ship. He looked at her in a sort of appraising way. "What if I promise not to wage war on your tribe."

"Nice offer. But your promises are worth nothing to me and my tribe now. You should know that." Hiccup had actually been tempted to give in on that one, but she had already been shown in a very painful way how bad he kept promises. "You just nullified a 51 year-old peace treaty between two very powerful tribes."

Dagur glared at her, before sitting down on the crate he had next to the cage. "What can I do to keep you from killing yourself?"

Wow. That had been really easy. It was surprising that it had worked, her threatening suicide to get him to do what she wanted him too. "You can't kill Toothless. You have to bring him back to Berk. And I have to watch you do it... You have to keep to the terms of the peace treaty you made with my father. You can't wage war on Berk." Hiccup stopped, thinking. She had to cover everything. Dagur was smart.

Unlike Alvin the Treacherous, he would plan things out instead of rushing into battle. No matter the fact that Dagur had gone in head-first plenty of times, he still couldn't be trusted.

"Is that all?" Okay. But how do I know you won't try to kill yourself once you dragon is gone?"

Hiccup paused. She hadn't thought about that. She really hadn't been planning on going back on her word, but she could see where Dagur would doubt her on her side of the deal. "Have I ever gone back on my word?"

"You said you hadn't trained dragons you little..." Dagur composed himself, waving his hand as though gesturing to what he had just said. "You've lied before."

"Point taken." She pondered what proof she had that she wouldn't kill herself. He had an excellent point. Once Toothless was freed Dagur wouldn't have anything against her. But her tribe. "If I kill myself I can't ensure my tribe's safety."

"But I'll kill you once you train dragons."

"Are you seriously trying to get me to kill myself right now!?" Hiccup screamed. She was tried, hurting, and he was making her exasperated.

"But... I might not kill you... if you behave."

"I'm not your child." She spat, glaring at him. She calmed herself, she had to make this work.

Dagur laughed, his rampage earlier all but forgotten. "No. You're my prisoner. If you do what I want, tell me what I want to know, and keep yourself from your own suicidal tendencies... I will set your dragon free on Berk under my conditions with you present, not kill you, and keep the peace between our tribes."

Dagur smiled at her, leaning back against the wall of the ship as he waited for her to answer. "Deal?"

Hiccup looked him up and down. Looking for a loophole in his deal he could use against her. Finally, she held out her hand for him to shake. "Deal."

* * *

><p>Thanks to everyone who has reviewed, followed, or favorited this story. And thanks goes to those who just read.

****LunetheFenrir****: I translated your review to English and I am very thankful for your support. I am also very happy that my story happened to be the first you have read of it's kind and that you liked it. I cannot tell you how happy it makes me that you reviewed. Your review is one of the best I have ever gotten. :D Wish I could speak and write in french.

****Viking Lady****: Your so welcome. I loved how you portrayed Dagur in your story. I like stories like this too, and The Berserker's Bride is one of my favorites. Thank you so much for your support:D

****firekitsune2z****: Thank you for the reminder lol. Seriously, sometimes I need to be jolted back into life.

****KathrynMills****: You have so far been a very loyal reader and I'm glad that you have stuck through with me as I slowly write this out.

End
file.